

## "Evolution of the High Trip"

In the early, early days of the Sierra Club there appeared before the gray bearded elders of the Club, known as the Directors, a very young man of smooth face, to plead his cause. A lawyer he and of firm, determined fibre. Said the young man to the learned ones,--"I have a 'lofty' idea. 'Tis this! But grant me permission and I shall lead a numerous group--come this summer month of July--into the High Places of old glorious State of ours. Away from the smoke of trains and the sound of noisy cobblestones. Far from the 'customed tracks of man, out into the open spaces, will I lead them. There they may commune with nature and the better learn its ways. But grant me this permission, Oh John of the Mountains, our worthy Leader, and I promise all of you that I shall take large numbers of our abler members on such a Camping Tour through the wilder places that it will never leave their memory.

Wagons will carry them and their loads to the roads' end. Thence will they trod the wilderness by narrow foot-path.

At night-fall will they gather hard-by for protection. Large fires will they build and tales as large they'll tell!

Into the Canyon of the Kings I'll lead them, where every Mothers' son amongst 'em will acquainted be with the King of Rivers, flowing there in all its beauty past the copper colored cliffs to the spot where Roaring River makes it swell to double size;-- there to pause amongst the Cedars."

Here, the young man waxed poetic! Saw he that his point was gained, continued, long to be his reign!



"There'll be Days and Nights of learning  
Secrets Nature all can teach,  
Soul-uplifting and inspiring,  
Heights as you, John, oft do reach!

How the water-ousels light  
On their course beside the stream bank  
To their spray protected site;

Learning what the wild flowers say,  
As they gaily nod acquaintance  
To our ramblers on their way.

Then at noon-time, as they linger  
Over tea, tin-cups have brewed  
They will note the lazing lizzards  
Startled from their solitude.

So, I beg you,--Grant permission  
For this worthy Expedition!"

In this manner, did our Colby  
Start the very first "High-Trip".  
Thirty one or two he managed  
All on foot and not a slip!

Walking, then, you realize  
Was a proper exercise!

Knapsack trips became the fad;  
On your back was all you had!

Followed Colby, Tappaan's son;  
Francis splendid trips did run!

Now, we have our thoughtful Dick  
Planning how to cross that "crick".

With Dick Leonard next in line  
Assistant, Oliver Kehrlein.

But walking is old fashioned now  
You Burro-Pack and Hitch, "and How"'. .

Ask the punching man who drives 'em  
If the Burro is the fad.-  
There's but one Joel Hildebrand  
And he's the very young man's Dad!

Ah ha! Who was it first that said  
"My kingdom for a Horse"  
Our tall and able Packer-friend  
Ike Livermore, of course!



But going back to the earlier day--  
When men were men and said their say!  
No tale of the "Hi" would be complete  
Unless it 'lowed us to repeat

The wondrous ways of our Senior "Tap"  
His head well wrapped, bandana cap!  
First to waken at daybreak call  
Our Tap was there at the fire-fall.

His "Lost and Found" provoked much glee,  
His "Flora and Fauna" are history!  
Colby and Tap a Campfire team--  
No other leaders will ever seem

To e'em approach in a small degree  
Their marvelous spontaniety!

We've had Negroes, Chinese, and good French cooks  
And now we've Mart Brady of Irish looks.  
We've had packers young and packers old  
But none so faithful as Allie bold!

Some years we've had with streams so high  
Bridges to build or not get by!  
Other seasons with fishing good  
Always the Freshmen to gather wood!

Sleeping 's changed since that first Hi-Trip  
No feather-bed to rest your hip--  
Now a hole dug deep in the rocky sod,  
An earthy bed on which to nod.

Dress 's changed and habits too.  
Girls wore 'em long and not so few!  
Women now ride and eat to gain;  
Only down grade walks are considered sane.

Boots have shortened to tennis height;  
And the clouds give forth no rain at night!  
The more we think, the less we know  
Brain-storms broadcast, by Radio!

But we'll let you in on the truth right here,  
High trips get better and better each year.

Phil. S. Bernaf